

BLUE GRASS BLADE

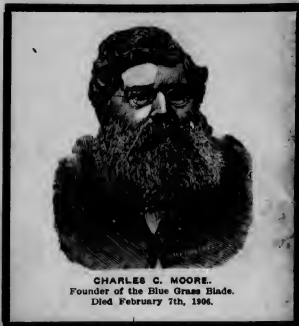
A. T. Parker
High and Ashland East Side
Spend

WE AIM TO CUT DOWN ERROR AND ESTABLISH TRUTH.

VOLUME XV. NUMBER 5

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, MAY 6, 1906

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE



CHARLES C. MOORE.
Founder of the Blue Grass Blade.
Died February 7th, 1904.

JAMES E. HUGHES - Editor and Publisher
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One issue for one year \$1.00 in advance. In clubs of five NEW subscribers, 50 cents each.

Terms.—\$1.00 per year in advance; foreign subscription \$1.50 per year.

Five new subscribers sent for one year for \$2.50.

Send your subscription by registered letter, post office or express money order, New York draft, and if personal checks are sent add collection charges as local banks charge for collecting same.

Make all money orders, drafts checks, etc., payable to James E. Hughes, Lexington, Ky.

When you change your address advise this office giving your old as well as the new address.

When you paid your subscription say whether you are a new or old subscriber.

This address slip on the paper will show expiration of subscription, and serve as a receipt as the date changes as soon as the subscriber pays.

Subscriptions to the Blade are not discontinued at expiration unless ordered by the subscriber. The courts invariably hold a subscriber responsible to the publisher for the subscription price of all papers received until the paper is paid for in full and up to date and ordered discontinued.

Office of Publication is located at 153 W. Short St., Lexington, Kentucky.

Entered at the post office at Lexington, Kentucky, as Second Class Mail Matter.

Address all communication to Blue Grass Blade, P. O. Box 393, Lexington, Kentucky.

EDITORIAL

Get busy and do something.

Don't wait for opportunity; the time to begin is now.

The agitator is not necessarily a public enemy for it is only from agitation that human progress has been possible.

Too many Christians are short on Charity and long on prayers while the religious brand of the milk of human kindness sours awful easy.

When a man of mediocre mind is seized with a fervent desire to "know God" he joins church, gets religion, and he is ready to begin a persecution of those who entertain different opinions.

In an unpublished communication to the Blade, Free thinkers are referred to as a "gang of chronic kickers." We do not object to the epithet. There is pressing need for some good, lusty kickers with No. 10 copper toed toes.

While men may differ as to what should be destroyed and what should be preserved, all will readily concede that what is notoriously untrue should be waged unrelentless war upon. This being true we should not hesitate to assail the fabled falsehoods of religion.

Could the Christian world inaugurate its belated age of faith, every spark of sentiment would perish in the pitiless atmosphere that would follow. The word "DUTY" would disappear from human vocabulary. Modern religionists are for ever mistaking shadow for substance, the accidental for the essential, the fanciful, the artificial for the real. Freedom of thought has ever been the great, pulsing heart of the body social, the very dynamics of civilization. Destroy it and the power that leads men upward and onward is annulled and the race falls back into primordial savagery.

The world is growing better, but it will never be counted a success until we have more men who are not constant reminder of a monkey ancestry. We want men who scorn the pusillanimity of the policy player. We want men, who, Caesar-like, dare tell greybeards the truth though it cost them a crown.

DR. WILSON'S ROME BOOK.

Many subscribers are getting impatient for the Rome Book and are writing about it in every mail. We are glad to announce that the book has been printed and is now in the hands of the binders. At a fair estimate it should be ready for mailing in ten days and we shall lose no time in getting it out. The delay has been caused by the fact that the book has been made considerably larger than was originally intended.

Modern Christianity is rapidly becoming so matter of fact that its adherents practically demand a written covenant with God before they will consent to worship him. They want to be assured in advance of a handsome dividend in the hereafter upon their prayerful investments made in this world. To make God acceptable thousands of professing Christians require that he receive the personal endorsement of a particular preacher. It would take a mighty sharp frost to kill off the germs of original sin that has taken root in the hearts of stone and flint. Yet this is modern Christianity. Steeped in such rank idolatry is any wonder that the land is filled with Free thinkers.

Reader! The Blade needs your help. Current events have demonstrated that you cannot snuff an earthquake nor induce an active buzz-saw to wait for an introduction. Bills for running expenses must be met and promptly paid. They will not wait upon our convenience. If only twenty-five per cent of our delinquents would pay up we could be placed on Easy Street. These are facts and facts are said to be stubborn things. Many of our subscribers write complimentary of the present appearance of the Blade and wish it unbounded success and prosperity. To keep the Blade up to its present standard of excellence requires time, labor and money. With over \$2,000 worth of subscriptions in arrears it is hard to make both ends meet, but with your help we will do it.

Happiness does not altogether depend upon ourselves. A great deal depends upon our surroundings. The extremely pious man, imagining his "soul" has been saved and is "happy" when surrounded by misery is a worthless wretch who has sympathy with his race. The thinking man feels that there is something so darkly painful and so deeply wrong in Christian society that to reflect upon it casts a bitter in the brightest cup. The Bible does not remedy this. It cannot. The expensive organization of the church does not touch it. "That religious enthusiasm so frequently called happiness is but a mental intoxication, an increase of which leads to insanity. The man with an empty pocket-book finds it exceedingly difficult to put a cheerful face on everything. Free thought insists, however, that to men well and to do well is to deserve well.

DEATH COMES AGAIN.

It is with heartfelt regrets that the Blade is compelled to announce the recent death of Mrs. Charles C. Moore, Jr., the wife of the eldest son of our late esteemed editor. No sooner has the hand of death passed over one member of the family than it falls again, to take away a young and beautiful life. Death is sad at all times, and even in old age, but sadder still, when as now, it lays its withering blight upon one who has not yet reached the summer of life. With her it was yet spring for the meridian had not been crossed.

The death of Mrs. Moore took place in Washington, Tuesday last, April 24th. It followed an operation for appendicitis at the Washington Memorial hospital. She was but 31 years of age and leaves a bereaved husband and son, Charles Clifton, aged eight years, to mourn her loss. Her remains were brought to Lexington and laid in the cemetery near those she loved and who loved her while living.

MOORE MEMORIAL PAMPHLET.

Although we have not yet received a sufficient number of subscriptions to even pay the cost of publishing the proposed memorial pamphlet to the late editor of our paper, Charles C. Moore, we are not deterred from our purpose. This week we will see the memorial pamphlet in print, off the press and in the mails. We have striven to make it worthy of Mr. Moore in every way regardless of loss on the publication. No less than a thousand ought to be sold and distributed, eye, tens of thousands, for with the matter it contains it becomes an invaluable missionary document and should be widely read.

Those who have already subscribed for the memorial will receive their copies before the next issue of the Blade is out. Those who have not subscribed should do so at once. The memorial costs only 15 cents per copy or 10 copies for \$1.00. We are prepared to fill any order on demand.

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD.

Students of sociology will find much of interest in the new work of Henry Demarest Lloyd, recently published from his pen and brain, "Man, the Social Creator" which in a sense is a summary of the labors he performed during the later years of his life.

We believe it was Tolstoy, the Russian philosopher, who once said, that the social problem could be solved if five men, naming them, could get together and talk it out. Lloyd was one of the five. He was an ardent advocate of improvement in the social conditions of labor. He was born in New York City and although intended for the bar he was swept into journalism during the famous Twentieth campaign and later became a financial writer of rare ability on the Chicago Tribune. It was he who wrote the first big and sensational expose of the Standard Oil Company, soon afterwards designated the "Giant Octopus" which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. The company was surprised at the attack that it put a hired detective on his trail to learn, if he could, Mr. Lloyd's intentions. This fact might never have been made known but that the detective laughingly told Mr. Lloyd about it some years later.

When the seven men were tried in Chicago for implication in the dynamic outrages in the Hay market riots in Chicago, Mr. Lloyd was drawn into the succeeding legal battle because he protested against the seven men being tried as one criminal. He became the sincere friend and champion of the laboring man and the rest of his life, thereafter, was devoted to constructive investigation and uplifting work. He traveled all over the world making personal investigations into the condition of labor. Out of this grew his previous literary efforts.

Lloyd died in 1903 after an arduous year in which he defended the anthracite coal miners and made an exhaustive analysis of the municipal ownership issues then pending in Chicago.

PARSONS AND POLITICIANS.

The enlightened governments of modern times, governments where the ruling power is vested in the people, have been due only to a ceaseless struggle against the encroachments and assumptions of the clergy. Wherever there has been experienced an ingestion of clerical influences in the functions that pertain to government, mischievous results have invariably ensued. Clerical interference with government has ever been a source of weakness, confusion and danger to a nation that has tolerated it and church rule has spelled ruin for every nation that has been unfortunate enough to be cursed with it.

Church members are complaining more or less that our political relations towards the Philippines savor too little of titular christianity. Do the complaining parties forget that for over three centuries the entire Philippine Islands were steeped in the doctrines of christianity? For three hundred years the real rulers of the Philippines were the friars at the head of which sat an archbishop and what was the result? The friars were in absolute authority. The Spanish home government, the civil and military authorities in Manila, and elsewhere throughout the archipelago, were thwarted and handicapped at every turn by the arrogant and presumptuous churchmen. The trouble in Russia is the church; in China it is the church, and again in France the church is in armed conflict with the civil authorities. In every instance it is the Christian church.

The bloodshed that is reeking throughout the Russian empire today, the revolt of political despots, the thunders of a coming revolution, are to a large extent, the direct results of a nation and imbecile policy of its so-called holy synod. Has not the Russian church insisted that it is the chief duty of the Tsar, through his soldiery, to force its brand of saving grace upon inoffensive Jews? We can go a little farther back and in England we find Thomas à Becket, the then archbishop of Canterbury, making the audacious claim that churchmen were not amenable to the civil law and the reign of Henry II, was distracted and torn with religious dissensions.

Now what is our government doing in regard to China? The Chinese are simply protesting against the audacious claims of Christian missionaries that they are superior to the civil authorities and presume that they, who are foreigners in China and to China, have a right to administer a law all of their own making. Have not the Chinese a right to protest? Would they be deserving of the slightest consideration by the other nations of the world if they did not protest? Is it not represented to the State Department at Washington that the recent riots and loss of life were due to the action of certain Catholic missionaries who assumed both civil and judicial functions not permitted to the church under existing treaties? This being the case can any blame attach to the Chinese? It is of the utmost importance to the liberty of the Chinese and to American trade that China be made and kept intact, yet the death of two missionaries has furnished Emperor William with an excuse to seize a whole Chinese province.

If we would ascertain just what evil influences have been exercised upon nations and peoples by reason of the interference of the church with gov-

ernmental affairs we have only to listen to the general voice of history. Innumerable examples are furnished. Only two centuries ago the revocation of the edict of Nantes at the dictation of the Jesuit advisers, brought wholesale ruin upon France during the reign of Louis XIV. Their religious zeal drove out of that country into the arms of England and Holland many of the most skilled artisans, who were Protestants, such as silk weavers, clockmakers, printers, etc., who barely escaped with their families and the wrecks of fortunes made in trade. At the instigation of Christian churchmen, Ferdinand and Isabella christianized Spain and lit up the holy fires of the Inquisition. In this particular case the Moors, who held the enlightenment of the civilized world in their hands at that time, were driven pell mell out of the country. It was from these very Moors whom the world received the science and art of medicine, astronomy, algebra, and even the art of heating buildings. Under such a rule of the church the Spanish treasury could dole out money for the burning of heretics but not a son marker for Columbus. So insufferable did the church become in France that its power has again been broken and its claims repudiated. France, the home of Diderot, Renan and of Lafayette, a nation that has been conspicuous in art, science and literature, has deliberately turned its back upon the presumptuous clergy and will no longer permit the education of their children to remain in the hands of those whom the nation has declared to be incompetent and pernicious.

For just an instant let us cast an eye upon our most prosperous Southern neighbor, the republic of Mexico. We find that she has advanced by leaps and bounds, taking giant strides in her progressive march, but it has been the direct result of the policy of Diaz who cried "Hands Off" to the clericals and has given the Mexican people a regime that has been pronounced anti-clerical.

Italy shook off the papal yoke in 1870 and she has showed not the slightest sign of governmental weakness since. Even China is moving in a similar direction for it is recorded that Tun Si, the vice-minister of education in Peking, has had to demerit to declare that the Chinese classics, consisting of the four books and five books of Confucius, are valueless compared with a science primer, and he has suggested in a memorial to the "Son of Heaven and Brother of the Moon" that it would up better for the Chinese to substitute the science primer for his religious books.

Thus the outlook for continued church control at home and missionary effort abroad is neither very bright nor very encouraging. By the church will go on robbing confiding childhood of its promises and struggling widows of their mites to keep up an army of luxurious idlers whose chief mission has been to breed distrust and mischief. There is a good, old maxim, not very much attended to but widely applicable, that "charity begins at home." As the roving eye of the missionary is to be deprecat in view of accomplished results we need to attend to our wants before sending flannel vests and whiskey to the west coast of Africa.

CURE FOR INFIDELITY GIVEN BY A LEXINGTON PREACHER

For the first time since his arrival in Lexington, some months ago, we went to hear Dean W. T. Capers of the Episcopal church, preach his weekly sermon last Sunday morning. It was not altogether a waste of time for the sermon was one that could be described as being calculated to furnish thinking men and women with abundant material for thought and argument. We were convinced, however, that the Dean is not a brilliant man, even in the church, but he has the stamp of honesty and sincerity which is more than can be said of most orthodox preachers. Still the thought, and the argument as well for that matter, was that his sermon suggested an attempt at ornamentation rather than conviction, a lack of wholesome reasoning ability, and a fervent desire to grasp at old straw that might be handy and convenient to bolster a weak and trembling faith.

Somehow we felt that the sermon had been written, or selected, for our especial benefit and this made us all the more interested. At the very outset he told his hearers that he stood, full panoplied and invested, with a sure and certain cure for infidelity in his hands. Had this been really true and Dean Capers could have lived two or three centuries ago he would doubtless have been rewarded with sainthood and shrines built to his name and memory.

Of course, a great deal would have depended upon the value and potency of his specific. If he can succeed in destroying the bacilli of honest scepticism and prove the truth and power of his discovery, the church would immediately canonize him and the red hat of Cardinal Gibbons would dwindle and fade before his divine vestments.

Unfortunately for Dean Capers he was simply giving an old story in a new way. His remedy, or cure, for modern infidelity, he declared, lay in the personal attractions of Jesus Christ, whatever they may be. For proof he contented himself with relying upon the scriptural story of the doubting Thomas, the demand made by him for substantial proofs, the readiness with which they were given to him, and his acceptance thereof. From this he

(Continued on page four, first column).

Editorial

(Continued from page one).

proceeded to argue that men and women should accept the evidence in this day and age what was supplied to doubting Thomas nearly two centuries ago. To do so, he urged, would supply the long desired cure for infidelity.

Suppose, for the sake of argument only, that all related of the alleged doubting Thomas incident be true, what would it prove? It would simply prove that while Thomas doubted and demanded ocular evidence of a "Risen Lord," he personally became convinced. But how is this to affect others? Every infidel in the land is demanding ocular proofs to-day concerning the legends and myths that attach to the Christian system of religion, but their demand is in vain. It is not sufficient to point to the scriptures and ask that they be accepted as an authority upon such a subject. They are but the work of human hands, the products of human labor and inventive genius. Every human proof is deficient when evidences concerning divinity are asked for. Could the truth be known there are, doubtless, moments even in the life of Dean Capers when doubt and suspicion cast their shadows o'er his mind. Every effort to prove Christ from the New Testament has only made the confusion of Babel more confounded. It is not enough to say "I Believe," for belief proves nothing but the personal presumption of the believer. Yet for such a glorious ultimate as a cure for infidelity, the theologians have labored in vain for generation after generation, with the result that because of their dogmatism thousands are driven into infidelity every day.

If Dean Capers would but apply a little thought upon the subject, he would be compelled to admit that all the evidence he offers comes but second hand, and then it is only hearsay, not competent in any modern court to convict a plantation darkey of chicken stealing. Taking the four gospels at their full valuation, it is by no means certain that they were written, any portion of them, by any of the alleged eyewitnesses. As a matter of fact their title reads, "according to" Matthew, Mark and Luke and John, and not "by" any of them. The so-called "original" manuscripts now in the Vatican are all written in Greek, whereas the alleged authors were but ignorant Jews, and could hardly write their own names in their own language. Never, at any time, according to the story of the Gospels, did Christ appeal to the educated and intelligent Jews of his day. On the contrary they both shunned and scorned him, and the educated and intelligent Jews of today do not accept him in spite of Christian prayers and preaching since the days of Constantine. This too, in face of the fact that Christ came to save the Jews, was a Jew, lived and died a Jew. As Christ, and his divine mission on earth failed to exercise any influence upon the people of Judea, among whom all his miracles and wonders were performed, how can it be expected that rational beings in the present age, far removed from such fanciful episodes, can be any better impressed when the evidences submitted are considerably the worse for wear?

One thing is certain, namely, Dean Capers does not fully appreciate or understand, or at least he has failed to grasp, the full power and meaning of infidelity. This much is shown by his declaration that "infidelity comes from the heart, and not from the intellect." In this the Dean has simply confounded a mere mechanism with intellectual processes. Evidently he is unfamiliar with the functions of the heart. If it was a mere sentimental suggestion, intended for ornament rather than use, we might be able to understand, but we are unwilling to think that even Dean Capers believes his own statement to be a fact. If there is no intellectuality in infidelity, then how comes it that infidels can tell him more about his theological fetich than ninety per cent. of the congregation over whom he presides? Why the great world is "heart hungry" for real knowledge and the moment a man begins to think, he doubts. Man is ready and willing to embrace any form of faith that does not violence to his reason, but it is because of this violence to reason that the majority reject the formulas of Christianity. Men have long ceased to worry themselves with jejune speculations about the trinity and they look with the utmost indifference upon the fables and legends of Christian revelation. Instead of emanating from heart action, as Dean Capers intimates, infidelity comes from that innate desire of man to see and to know, to fathom out, as far as he may be able, the mystery of life. All books, bibles and creeds, forms and ceremony, are absolutely non-essentials, and yet these non-essentials have deluged the world with blood and tears and made the earth a charnel house.

During the sermon, this young preacher with a numerous family, indulged in a pretty figure of speech in painting the supposed heartlessness of the infidel because he refused to thank an imaginary God for the manifold blessings of life. On this subject he said, "The infidel gathers up the flowers, listens to the songs of birds, and enjoys the harvests of God's abundant fields, yet they never offer up a prayer of praise to him who gave them the creation." And why should either infidel or Christian offer praise or thanksgiving? If God created men and women he owes it to them to put some happiness into their lives and he is simply fulfilling an obligation. Humanity comes not by its own account. Were it not for human labor and toil, there would be no harvest. God brings no harvest where seed has never been sown. Ofttimes a harvest is reaped by drought and the labor of human hands has been in vain. Why should man thank God for that which he has wrought by his own labor? But for the work of human hands through countless days and nights the very flowers used to decorate the church in which Dean Capers preached at Easter-tide would not have been there. The gardener

must first tickle the sides of the hills with his hoe or there will be no potatoes.

But why criticize further? These are old platitudes now grown gray in Christian service. But if God is deserving of our thanks for the harvests, he must be deserving of our contempt for famine. If he can cause to fall upon mankind abundant blessings, or prevent them, at will, he must be responsible for disaster and suffering. The characteristics of the Christian God in this world, being unchangeable, "the same yesterday, today, and forever," then they must be the characteristics of the deity in any other world, and the same contrasts of pain and pleasure, suffering and bliss, must, perforce, mar the hereafter as they mar the here.

No, Dean Capers, you are wrong. You have not the "Cure for infidelity!" You do not understand the subject. Stronger men than you have fallen before the onslaught. There is both policy and expediency in the Christian mission and you seem to have your full share of both. If you do not know that your "doubting Thomas" story is but a human invention, then you are to be pitied and excused. Education may account for much, but it does not justify an attack upon the intellectual integrity of thousands of your fellow creatures because they refuse to accept your dictum about the unknown. En passant we are prone to intimate that infidelity has long been recognized and accepted as a specific for Christian error and dogma and it is this fact that makes the shoe pinch.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS CRAVE SENSATIONS.

The conduct of the military when called upon to assist in the performance of civil functions has long been a subject of serious comment all over the country. In the several late strikes, which include Homestead, Chicago and Colorado, the military played a conspicuous part and actually appeared to enjoy their diversion, while in San Francisco, the men in blue uniforms, ornamented with Uncle Sam's badge of authority seem to be doing what they can to increase the casualty list by shooting down citizens whose ways run counter to their will.

It is an old story and one with which we are all more or less familiar. Put a man in uniform, whether it be that of a hotel porter, or the official insignia of authority, and he will abuse it if given only half a chance. A soldier, in times of peace, is a harmless individual until a loaded gun is placed in his hands and instructions are given him to restrict somebody. At such a moment he is likely to become blood hungry and crave for a sensation by making a killing. The regular trained soldier is but little, if any, better than the raw militia in this respect, while between the two a civilian who escapes with his life is lucky. It is the duty of the officers in charge at San Francisco to impress upon their men that the people at large have some rights which the military is bound to respect.

True the ghoul must be checked. Robbery of the dead is an atrocious crime. To prevent this should be the only restricting power exercised by the army. The enforcement of law and order can be safely left to the keeping of the civil police.

From time to time complaints are made that the rank and file of our army is looked down upon and that the uniform of the country is too often regarded as an evidence of inferiority rather than a badge of honor. There is but one answer to make to such a charge, namely, no man's colors are more respectable than he makes them. When soldiers are like ruffians, they will be deemed to be ruffians, when they cease to so act they may be regarded as gentlemen, and not ill.

An honest man seriously objects to being forever dogged and watched and not permitted to know the reason why. Yet the religionist makes his God the policeman of the universe. Can an enlightened mind believe in such a doctrine? What is the conduct of those men who say they do? Is not life a burden under such conditions? If man has done no wrong and intends no wrong, why should he be eternally watched? Ah! God is a jealous God, so runs the scripture, but if God knows our thoughts and actions this jealous feeling is a passion he has no need to experience. Jealousy is caused by a suspicion concerning the sincerity of the object of our love. If God "knows" everything, he can "suspect" nothing. Knowledge prevents suspicion. No wonder most Christians look as if their religion was hurting them and that they were really sorry they were going to be saved.

With all its vain show, glitter of tinsel, palatial temples and vast accumulations of wealth, the Christian religion, that system that once did move empires and change the ruling dynasties of mighty nations, is tottering to a fall. Its leaders have lost the power to dictate and terrify mankind. With but a few exceptions its churches are empty and its spiritual instructors are begging the people to come in and help to swell the Sunday contribution. Sectarian bitterness is becoming more rife and heresy-hunting a popular sport with the non-progressive preacher who pretends to see an opportunity for advancement by pushing better men to the wall. Most men embrace religion for what there is in it and not because of its intrinsic value. These signs are potent and heraldic of a speedy decay.

Every advance in the march of progress, every step in the procession of human development has been accomplished, not with the aid, not under the loving guidance of the professional preacher, but despite their vigorous, and ofttimes, vicious protests.

The characteristic symbol of the age is the question mark. Reasoning beings are no longer satisfied with blind faith and spiritual grace dished out to them by hired teachers and preachers. They want to know and will insist upon knowing the reason and the why of things.

HE BECAME TOO GOD-LIKE

Dramatic Effect of Religious Conversion on a British Army Officer. Murder and Insanity The Principal Attributes of the Deity.

(By FREDERICK RYAN)

The following graphic sketch of a strange case of religious mania is reproduced from the London Free Press. The clipping being sent in by a subscriber and contributor, Dr. T. J. Bowler, of Muncie, Ind.:

"The rather sudden death of Colonel Jalliat in Bramwich Asylum five days ago, must assuredly have come as a relief to his best friends. Most of the newspapers merely contained the Central News paragraph that the Colonel had died after twenty years incarceration in the asylum. There was a brief notice in the Daily News, more calculated to arouse curiosity than allay it, and there was, I am told, a longer reference in the Morning Post. But otherwise none of the papers contained any details of his strange career, certainly none that caught my eye. And as the public memory is proverbially short it may not be amiss to recall, especially to readers of the Free Press, what exactly happened to the dead soldier.

Arthur Widdicombe Jalliat Spencer Jalliat, to give him his full name, was of somewhat aristocratic descent, and inherited a rich estate and a fine old country seat outside the pretty market town of Little Stenford. He married, when fairly young, a daughter of the local squire, and he had one son called John St. George Jalliat Spencer Jalliat. This child was born in India where the elder Jalliat served for many years. Indeed, at his trial there was a suggestion, that he had been more than he had suffered from sunstroke. However, that may be, he came home somewhere in the late seventies and settled down to the ordinary life of a country gentleman and a colonel on a small estate. He devoted himself at first to horse-breeding and had a great fancy for dogs. He used often to be seen in London, was a member of several clubs, and generally enjoyed the sunny side of life. His son had been educated at Eton, and was a general clever fellow, which brought his name to the front. So things went smoothly and merrily until the middle of 1879. In that year a revival preacher—what we would call a "holiness" man—began to stir up and set up a large scope of tent meetings were held, especially on market days, for the edification of the villagers, and numerous conversions were alleged to be made. One day, when the religious revival was in its heyday, Colonel Jalliat found himself in Little Stenford, and from one impulse or another entered the revivalist's tent. Mrs. Jalliat afterwards said that from that day she noticed a change in her husband's demeanor. He paid another visit to the revivalist, and another. After a little time Colonel Jalliat blossomed forth as an enthusiastic Christian; the idea that chiefly fixed itself in his mind being that he ought all "try to live like God." Naturally the neighbors were not slow to make much of so important a capture as the Colonel, and he was pushed prominently forward on a good many Christian platforms, whilst his wife, who had by day before the president of dozens of orthodox organizations. He subscribed, I believe, to the Salvation Army; he took the chair at an anti-infidel congress, and in fact his name was used for all it was worth by his new associates.

"Now amongst his other offices Colonel Jalliat, after the fashion of country gentlemen, had a seat on the county bench of magistrates, of which at the time thereof I speak he had been a chairman; and to his magisterial duties he used to attend most punctually. One day an important case came before him. A burglary had been committed in the neighborhood of Little Stenford, and as the case was of great activity on the part of the police, the burglar had been traced and captured in Bristol. Without delay he was brought before Colonel Jalliat, who heard the case very fully and listened attentively to the evidence. The prisoner, who was a well-known man, should have been returned to the assizes for trial. But, to the surprise of everyone in court, the Colonel proposed to deal with the case himself and there and then sentenced the prisoner to three years' penal servitude. Whilst the solicitors in court (there were no barristers present) were consulting as to whether the magistrate was not exceeding his jurisdiction, a strange thing happened. The clerk, who was an old woman at the back of the court was heard addressing the bench. "Your worship, she pleaded, let me go to prison instead of my son in the dock. In the name of Christ, who suffered for the sinners of the world, let me be able to form some idea of the conversion of those in the court when

Colonel Jalliat, instead of instantly calling on the Chief Constable to have the woman removed, began a long conversation with her from the Bench. Addressing the woman at the end, he said, "I have been profoundly touched by your appeal. I have freshly recalled the beauty of that doctrine of the Atonement which teaches us how the human soul suffers for the guilt of other and how God accepted the sacrifice. We should in every earthly circumstance endeavor to be like unto God, and as He, the Heavenly Judge, accepted the sacrifice of His Innocent Son, so I can surely judge accept your sacrifice. The prisoner in the dock may go free." And he forthwith committed the woman to prison for three years. It may here be remarked that these details and the text of Colonel Jalliat's remarks I have taken from a very full report in the Stamford and Halbridge Mercury of the next day. But readers may further be referred to the Bishop of Wyvern's article in the Contemporary on "Palliative Views of the Atonement" and Professor Verboose's most learned paper on "The Atonement Considered as the Subjective Realization of Transcendental Unity," read at the Church Congress in that year and marked by that lucidity and precision which characterize all that Professor Verboose writes. Students will find in these papers a very exhaustive discussion of Colonel Jalliat's views.

To return, however, to the scene in the court, it is hardly necessary to describe the sensation produced by such an extraordinary incident. The woman was at once liberated by order of the Home Secretary, and an order was made at the same time to inquire into the state of the Colonel's mind. The Lord Chancellor, without waiting for the result of this inquiry removed him from the commission of the peace. But, as a result of the influence of aristocratic friends, little beyond this happened. The doctors could not find that Colonel Jalliat was in any way dangerous, and one declined to regard him as even subject to hallucination; and, except that he no longer adorned the county Bench his life was in no way affected. But he used frequently to complain bitterly to his friends that if he attempted to live like God in Christian England, they would try and make you out to be insane.

After this affair Colonel Jalliat busied himself with the details of his life. The religious societies, whilst willing as before to accept his donations, fought shy of his personal attentions—a fact which he was not slow to note. He was thus thrown more on his own resources, and since he had begun to cultivate new varieties of orchids and tulips, and he also gave much attention to his horses and dogs. In the spring of 1883 his son John, who was married to his father, came on a horticultural show. The show was projected in Little Stenford for the month of June, and Colonel Jalliat was full of enthusiasm at his prospect of winning prizes. In May he went up to London to attend some meetings at the Horticultural Hall, and away from home for a week or two. On his return he found to his chagrin that his head gardener had either ignored his instructions or had been trying little experiments on his own account. The result was that the orchids and tulips were destroyed as prize specimens. Naturally Colonel Jalliat was intensely annoyed. His annoyance was at its height when, on going out to the stables, he found that his favorite horse, a relic of his Indian days, hung on the wall, rushed from behind on his son and struck him a fatal blow in the neck. An artery was severed, and the life-blood of the unfortunate young man gushed out in a stream, making a shambles of the room. The father, meanwhile, worked up to that level of bombastic phraseology which had marked his magisterial exploit. As Mrs. Jalliat came rushing in, he declared in a loud roar: "I have accepted the blood of his only-begotten Son as an atonement of his wrath, so I, Arthur Widdicombe Jalliat Spencer Jalliat, accept the blood of my only-begotten son, that through it I may forgive my servants who have grievously offended in my eyes. Now I have reached the divine heights and made my life like unto the life of God."

"The sensation which was produced in the country on that May morning cannot be overestimated. It was remembered by many readers. Every newspaper had its own comment, and none of them much to the point. There was the usual search for a scapegoat. Who had allowed Colonel Jalliat to be at large? Who was responsible for the first inquiry into his state of mind? An archdeacon wrote to the Times deploring the way in which "a section of the Press" (that was how he put it) had dragged the name of "Our Savior" into a sordid and unbecoming tragedy. And everybody agreed with the archdeacon. In those days the Harroworth press had

not yet been born, but there were sensational papers even in such a decorous age, and they did not miss their opportunity.

The wretched Colonel was instantly arrested on a charge of murder. Before the trial, however, the charge was altered into one of manslaughter. Everyone knew, however, that the man could have had only one ending. The man was not sane. After some inexplicable delays a committee of doctors reported that Colonel Jalliat was a dangerous lunatic. And as a result he was confined in Bramwich Asylum where he died last week, having been over twenty years an inmate. Some four or five years ago a journalist going over Bramwich was pointed out the Colonel and engaged him in talk. Jalliat spoke freely and sensibly. "Yes," he said, "I am here because I tried to live like God." He accepted the blood of his son as an atonement for the disobedience of others and I did the same. But if you really try to live like God in Christian England they will put you in a lunatic asylum or a goal. The days of godliness are over." The journalist who is a friend of my own did not, for sufficient reasons, print this striking conversation in print, but it told to me as one of the most illuminating things he had ever heard in the whole course of his professional interviewing. Perhaps the classic comment on the whole case was that of the well-known Bishop who wrote: "Good men should initiate the conversion of God—at a respectable distance."

SINGLE TAX IS NO PANACEA

Land Has no Value Except What It Derives from Applied Labor. All burdens fall on the producer.

(By A. LUTTERMAN)

It seems strange that single-taxers claim that land is the foundation of all wealth and therefore should carry the burden of all taxation. However it is self evident that land has no value in itself; it is the application of labor that makes it valuable. If this is not true then an acre of land would have an universal value whether it is located in a city or in a rural district. But the fact that land costs the most in the city is evidence that labor has made it so; consequently a land tax is not a fair tax. The demands of people grow rich and do not work the land at all. Our board of trade has nothing to do with land and still some of these gentlemen grow rich and control the world market of our produce. How can these "millionaires" escape all taxation? Is not money the medium to measure all values? Why then tax only one kind of property and exempt all others? What is the difference of a thousand dollars, or a thousand dollars more, or a thousand in this country? One is equal to the other in gold and should be taxed each according to its value. Suppose A had the lot, B the wheat, and C the gold, a total taxable property of three thousand dollars; now, under the single tax theory A would be taxed at the rate of three thousand dollars, but B and C would be exempt altogether. Is this good sense?

No wonder Mr. Hoyt is so bitterly opposed to the principle by which our public schools are supported. He calls in rank injustice to tax the people according to their ability. And yet, his unjust taxation as called by the single taxers, has proved the greatest blessing to our country. Had it not been for our school system way of our population would have been illiterate because the poor would have been unable to pay their share of school tax, and their children could not have been taught.

The idea that taxation should be governed in proportion to the benefits received is all wrong. As long as the producer is paying interest and rent to the non-producer, so long capital should be taxed and not the individual. If all revenues would be abandoned, and instead a direct tax placed upon all property according to its value, for the support of the government; institute free use of the postoffice; institute free use of our public school system; also the telegraph, express, railroads and other industry added from time to time as circumstances may require; then the trust would die its natural death and the people would become free and independent as advocated by the founders of this republic.

Help to increase the circulation of the Blade by sending in a few names for our subscription list. Yearly subscription 50 cents each in clubs of five.